Exercise 2: **Answer Key**

The \_medicinal\_\_\_ smell is in the hall again, I sniff happily and look forward to seeing the \_\_\_\_\_\_old\_\_\_\_\_\_ man in the lobby. I go downstairs and peer into the mailbox, see the blue and magenta of an Indian aerogramme with Don Mills, Ontario, Canada in Father’s \_\_flawless\_\_\_\_\_ hand through the slot.  
 I pocket the letter and enter the \_\_\_main\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ lobby. The \_\_\_old\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ man is there, but not in his \_\_usual\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ place. He is not looking out through the \_\_glass\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ door. His wheelchair is facing a \_\_bare\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ wall where the wallpaper is \_\_torn\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in places. As though he is not interested in the \_\_\_outside\_\_\_\_\_\_ world any more, having finished with all that, and now it’s time to see inside. What does he see inside, I wonder? I go up to him and say hullo. He says hullo without raising his \_\_sunken\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ chin. After a few seconds his \_\_grey\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ countenance faces me. “How old do you think I am?” His eyes are \_\_dull\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_glazed\_\_\_\_\_\_; he is looking even \_\_further\_\_\_\_\_ inside than I first presumed.   
 “Well, let’s see, you’re probably close to sixty-four.”  
 “I’ll be seventy-eight \_\_next\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ August.” But he does not chuckle or wheeze. Instead, he continues softly, “I wish my feet did not feel so \_\_cold\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ all the time. And my hands.” He lets his chin fall again. (243-244)